
A TRUE
NARRATIVE
Of what pass'd at the
Examination
Of the MARQUIS
De Guiscard,
AT THE
COCK-PIT, &c.

A TRUE
NARRATIVE

Of what passed at the

EXAMINATION

OF THE MARRIAGE

OF GEORGE
AND MARY

AT THE

COCKPIT

A T R U E
NARRATIVE

Of what pass'd at the

Examination

Of the M A R Q U I S

De Guiscard,

A T T H E

COCK-PIT,

The 8th of *March*, 1711.

His stabbing Mr. HARLEY,

A N D

Other precedent and subsequent
Facts, relating to the LIFE of the said
Guiscard.

L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN MORPHEW, near
Stationers-Hall, 1711.

Price 6d.

THE NARRATIVE

OF THE

EXPEDITION

TO THE

COCK-PIE

THE

OF THE

OF THE



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A True

NARRATIVE

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Of the MARQUIS

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AT THE

COCK-PIT, &c.

THERE is nothing receiv'd with more Pleasure in History, than the minute Passages and Circumstances of such Facts as are Extraordinary and Surprizing : We often
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lament to see an important Accident nakedly told, strip of those Particularities which are most entertaining and instructive in such Relations: This Defect is frequent in all Historians, not thro' their own fault, but for want of Information. For while Facts are fresh in Memory, no Body takes care to record 'em, as thinking it idle to inform the World in what they know already; and by this means the Accounts we have of them are only traditional, the Circumstances forgotten, and perhaps supplied with false ones, or form'd upon Probabilities, according to the Genius of the Writer.

BUT besides the informing Posterity on such Occasions, there is something due to the present Age: People at distance are curious and concern'd to know the Particulars of great Events, as well as those in the Metropolis; and so are the neighbouring Nations. And the Relations they receive are usually either very imperfect, or misrepresented

ed on purpose; by the Prejudice of
Party in the Relators.

I SHALL endeavour to avoid both
these Errors in the Fact I am going to
relate; and having made use of some
good Opportunities, to be informed
from the first Hands, of several Passages
not generally known, I hope it will
be in my Power to give some Satis-
faction to the Publick.

ABOUT six Years ago there came
into *England*, a *French* Papist, the youn-
ger Brother of a noble Family in that
Kingdom, call'd *Antoine de Guiscard*,
Abbot *de Borly*, near the *Cevennes* in
France. And as it is the usual Custom
for Cadets of Quality there to betake
themselves to the Army or the Church;
Guiscard chose the latter, and had an
Abbey given him of a considerable
Revenue; but being of a vicious and
profligate Nature, he fell into the most
horrible Crimes that a Man can com-
mit. Among other Instances, it is said,
that

that he seduc'd a Nun: It is likewise reported, that he and his younger Brother, suspecting their Receiver had cheated, got the poor Man to their House, and put him to the Torture, to force a Discovery from him. Besides keeping a *Serrail* in his Abby, when he used to receive a Sum together from his Revenue, his Custom was to go to *Tholouse* and lavish it in all sorts of Excesses. A young Lady of a good Family was so unhappy to be prevail'd on, to her Dishonour, by his Brother. *Monsieur de Guiscard* was afterwards employ'd to steal her from her Father, but falling in love with her himself, he carry'd her off from his Rival into *Switzerland*. Satiety not long after succeeding, he was so inhuman to poison the poor unfortunate Lady. After his Flight he was hang'd in *Effgie* by the Magistrates at the principal Town in *Rouergue*, for his intended Rebellion. 'Tis agreed on all Hands, that upon account of his many Enormities (but as himself terms them

them in his Memoirs, *private domestick Concerns, and the crying Injustice done his Family*) he withdrew to his own Lands, in the Province of *Rouergue*, contiguous to that part of *Languedoc*, called the *Cevennes*, where he endeavoured to raise Insurrections amongst the Discontented People, of which he has publish'd a very Foolish Account; but having neither Credit nor Ability for such an Undertaking, his Success was answerable. He was forced to fly into *Switzerland*, without taking any Measures for the Safety of those poor Wretches involved with him, and who had been so unhappy to be wrought, by his Insinuations: Thirty of the *Roman Catholick* Perswasion (seduced by *Guiscard* into the Design of Rebelling for *Liberty*, not *Religion*) fell under the Sentence of the Magistrate, and were broke upon the Wheel; tho', 'tis said, if *Monsieur de Guiscard*, upon whom they depended for Intelligence, had but delay'd his Flight only so long as

to send Notice to those Gentlemen of the Danger impending, they might all, or at least the greater Number of 'em, have escaped as well as himself.

THE Marquis de Guiscard had an early, an undoubted Propensity to Mischief and Villany, but without those fine Parts, useful in the Cabinet; he had not Capacity to conduct a Design, tho' he might have Brain enough to form one; was wholly unacquainted with War, had never been in an Army, a profligate Abbot, who knew nothing of the Soldier; yet this Man, we find immediately made a Colonel of a Regiment of Horse, and Lieutenant General, with a Pension, as 'tis said, from *Holland*, as well as from *Us*: To do all this for one wholly ignorant of a Camp, was foolish as well as scandalous.

NOR had Adversity made any Impression upon his Manners; his Behaviour here was Expensive, Luxurious, Vicious,

Vicious, Lavishing at Play and upon Women, what was given him for his own Support. Besides his continual good Fortune with other Ladies, he kept two in constant Pay, upon whom he made a profuse and regular Expence: One of those Creatures was married, whom that he might possess with the greater Ease, he procured her Husband to be Press'd, and sent away into the Service: A Transcript of that State-Cunning sometimes practised by great Politicians (when they wou'd disincumber themselves of an *Incommode*) in Affairs of the like Emergency.

AT first there was none more caress'd than our Foreign Favourite: A late Minister seldom saw a *Levee* without him; though we admit That is not always a Proof of being a Favourite of those to whom they make their Court; There are, who crowd themselves where they have done the most sensible Injuries, and against

whom they have been guilty of the highest Offence: But want of Shame is one part of an ill Man's Character, as another Branch is, that he can submit to the meanest Things.

MONSIEUR *de Guiscard* had the Misfortune to sink under his Character, even to those great Men who at first had most indulg'd him: His Parts were too mean to balance or uphold him against a just Contempt: He was found an useless Villain, whose inferiour Understanding cou'd not answer Expectation: Proving unserviceable, he was consequently discountenanced, drop'd by degrees, and afterwards totally neglected; his Pension ill paid, and himself reduced to Extremity. This put him upon making his Peace with *France*; a common Practice of such Villains, whose only Business being to support an infamous Life, in fullness of Luxury, never weigh what stands between them and the End.

THE

THE Marquis *de Guiscard* had no Religion, knew nothing of Principles, or indeed Humanity: brutish, bold, desperate, an Engine fit for the blackest Mischief; revengeful, busy to Design, though full of Inconsistencies, and preposterous in his Management: His Schemes impracticable to any less rash and inconsiderate, as may be seen at large in those his ill-formed Projects of Rebellion against his Prince: his Aspect gloomy and forbidding, no false Indication of the Malignancy within. Nor could the Evil in his Nature be diverted by Benefits. The present Ministry regarding him as a Man of Family, one who had been Caress'd in *England*, though they liked neither his Principles nor his Practice, thought it against the Glory of the QUEEN (who is the Sanctuary of Distressed Foreigners) to let a Gentleman of such Birth want the Supports of Life; and therefore enter'd upon Measures to pay him Four hun-

hundred Pound a Year, as part of that Pension which at first was granted him, and had been, for some time, discontinued. He cou'd no longer, with any Pretence, be a Male-content: but he wou'd not forgo his treacherous Design, nor his Desire to make his Peace at home. Mr. HARLEY discover'd his Correspondence: He knew he had wrote three Letters to *France*, with Advice of our Affairs. This Discovery was made a Fortnight before Monsieur *de Guiscard's* Seizure. Mr. HARLEY was willing to convict him under his own Hand; and accordingly took all necessary Precaution, to have what Letters he should write brought to the Secretary's Office. In the mean time Persons were employ'd that shou'd give an Account of all his Motions; such who Play'd with him, Drank with him, Walk'd with him; in a word, those who under the Pretence of Diversion and Friendship, shou'd never lose sight of him, till that Day, when he went to
a Mer-

a Merchant of his Acquaintance in the City, and gave him a Letter, with this Request, *That he would be pleas'd to forward it, and let it be sent away with his own Foreign Letters.*

THIS Letter was brought to Mr. HARLEY, where he read Monsieur Guiscard's Advice to the Ministers of France, *That they should Invade England as soon as possible, whether they succeed or no; because, the Mischief it wou'd do us wou'd be irreparable: Twou'd disconcert and divide us, ruin our Credit, and do us a vast deal of Hurt, &c.*

ON the Eighth of March, the QUEEN's Inauguration-Day, Monsieur de Guiscard, between Two and Three a Clock in the Afternoon, was seiz'd in the Mall in St. James's Park, by a Warrant of High-Treason from Mr. Secretary St. John, and carried by the QUEEN's Messengers to the Cock-Pit. He seem'd then to have taken his Resolution, and to determine that
his

his Ruin should be fatal to those Persons who occasion'd it, by desiring leave to send for a Glafs of Sack, some Bread and Butter, and a KNIFE; the Woman of the Coffee-House sent him all but the Knife, which was accidentally omitted: He was brought into the Clerk's Room, and kept there till the Cabinet-Council was assembl'd; in that Room he found a PENKNIFE, and took it away unperceiv'd, which, as 'tis suppos'd, he hid in his Sleeve, for there was none found in his Pockets, which were search'd before his Examination.

T H E R E were present at the Committee of Cabinet-Council, the Lord Keeper, Lord President, Duke of Ormond, Duke of Newcastle, Duke of Buckingham, Duke of Queensberry, Earl Poulet, Lord Dartmouth, Mr. HARLEY, Mr. Secretary St. John.

[Mr. Tilson, Mr. Hare, Under-Secretaries, sat at a little Table by themselves.]

MON-

MONSIEUR *de Guiscard* being brought in to be examin'd, Mr. Secretary *St. John*, whose Business it was to interrogate him, ask'd him some Questions about his corresponding with *France*? And whether he had not sent Letters thither? Monsieur *de Guiscard* deny'd it boldly: Mean time his Colour came and went. Earl *Poulet*, before he was brought in, had desir'd Mr. *St. John* to change Places with Mr. *HARLEY*, that *Guiscard's* Face might be full in the Light, and his Countenance better perceived, in any Alteration that might happen, at the Questions that should be ask'd him.

THE Presence of that August Assembly, the Obligations the Criminal had to some in particular, who had honour'd him with their Favour, and to all in general, as they were of the first Rank, amongst a People who had so generously Refuged him in his Mis-
C fortunes;

fortunes; his own Guilt and Dread of being detected, might well cause an Emotion in the Mind and Face of the most Resolved, most Hard'ned Person; he flush'd and turn'd pale, the Posture of his Feet restless and unassured, his Hands in perpetual Motion, fumbling in his Pocket; which some of that Noble Assembly reflecting on, cou'd yet well account for, by remembring it was his usual manner: A *French Air*, which has been long since receiv'd in *England*, among some of our fine Gentlemen, to a great degree of Imitation.

COU'D one have look'd into *Guiscard's* guilty Soul, how terrible, at that moment, had been the Prospect? His Dread of Conviction, his Ingratitude, his Treachery, his Contempt or Desire of Death, his Despair of Heaven, his Love of his native Country, his Spirit of Revenge, embroil'd his Thoughts, fermented his Blood, rouzed

rouzed his Shame, and work'd up his Resolution to a pitch of doing all the Service to *France*, and Mischiefe he cou'd to *England*: Like falling *Sampson*, to involve in his Fate the Strength of the Enemy; yet he wou'd make one Push for Life, and till Proof were produced, not give up a Cause he cou'd defend so easily, as by denying the Crime he was charged with; which he did with an undaunted Assurance, till Mr. Secretary ask'd him, If he knew such a Gentleman, naming the Merchant with whom he had left the Letter? At that *Guiscard* rolled his Eyes, assured of his Ruin, yet surpriz'd and shock'd at the Approach: The same Question being repeated, he answer'd Yes, what of that? Being press'd again to discover what he knew of his Corresponding with *France*, he continued obstinate in his pretended Ignorance; when Mr. Secretary *St. John* produced his Letter, and with a Force of Eloquence inse-

parable from what he speaks, represented to Monsieur de Guiscard, the Baseness, the Blackness of his Crime ; to betray the QUEEN his Benefactress, *Britain* the Country that had Refuged, Supported, Trusted, Honoured him, by the Command of her Troops with such noble Confidence, that made it double Villany in him to be a Villain ; exhorting him yet to be sincere, and give up to their Information what he knew of the treacherous Design he had formed.

WHILST the Secretary's Words were making an irresistible Impression upon every Mind, but His to whom they were address'd ; the Criminal form'd to himself the Destruction of those two dreadful Enemies of *France*, Mr. HARLEY and Mr. St. John : It seem'd to him too hazardous, to attempt the Design at the full Board ; not in
regard

regard of his own Life, that was already devoted, but lest they shou'd not be both involved. It appear'd reasonable to him, that if, upon the Pretence of Discovery, he cou'd get Mr. *St. John* to withdraw, Mr. HARLEY might possibly be of the Party, and He have a Chance to Murder both before they cou'd be assisted: Accordingly, when he was press'd to discover, he desired to speak with Mr. *St. John* apart. The Secretary told him, That was impracticable: He was before the whole Committee as a Criminal, and what he had to say, must be said to all. Upon *Guiscard's* persisting to speak only to the Secretary, they went to ring the Bell to call in the Messengers, to carry him away; which he observing, cry'd out, *That's hard, not one Word, Pas un mot*, and stooping down said, *J'en veux donc a'toy*, *Then have at thee*; so Stab'd Mr. HARLEY.

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Redoubling the Stroke, the Pen-knife broke, which he was not sensible of; but rushing on towards Mr. *St. John*, overthrew the Clerks Table that stood between. Mr. *St. John* saw Mr. HARLEY fall, and cry'd out, *The Villain has Kill'd Mr. HARLEY*: Then he gave him a Wound, as did the Duke of *Ormond*, and the Duke of *Newcastle*. Mr. *St. John* was resolved to have kill'd him, but that he saw Mr. HARLEY got up and walking about, and heard Earl *Poulet* cry out, not to kill *Guiscard*. The Messengers laid hold of him, and tore his Coat; he rag'd, he struggled, he overthrew several of 'em, with the Strength of one desperate, or frantick, till at last they got him down, by pulling him backwards by the Cravat. Like a Lyon taken in the Toils, he foam'd, he grin'd, his Countenance seem'd dispoiled of the Aspect of any thing Human; his

his Eyes gleam'd Fire, Despair, and Fury: He cry'd out to the Duke of Ormond, whilst they were binding him, amidst his Execrations and his Raving, My Lord Ormond, *Pour quoy ne may depechez vous; Why don't you dispatch me.* The Noble Duke made this memorable Answer, *Ce n'est pas L'affair des honestes Gens: C'est L'affair d'une autre: 'Tis not the Work of Gentlemen, 'tis the Work of others.*

LET us turn our Eyes from so detestable an Object, to another not less surprizing, tho' of a quite different kind, where we shall behold a Gentleman, arriv'd by long Practice, to that difficult Attainment of possessing his Soul in all Conditions, in all Accidents, whether of Life or Death, with Moderation: This is the Man that may truly be said to know himself, whom even Assassination can't surprize; to whom the Passions are
in

in such Obedience, they never contend for Sway, nor attempt to throw him from his Guard. Mr. HARLEY falling back in his Chair, by the redoubled Stroke that was given him, and seeing 'em buſie about taking *Guiscard*, by whom he imagin'd himſelf kill'd, did not call or cry for Help, but getting up as well as he could of himſelf, apply'd his Handkerchief to the Wound to ſtop the Blood, and keep out the Air, walking about the Room, 'till they had time to come to him, not complaining nor accusing, nor encouraging them to revenge him upon *Guiscard*; his Countenance ſerene, unalter'd, ſo that from his own Behaviour all his Friends, particularly his tender-eſt Mr. *St. John*, hoped he was but ſlightly hurt: When *Buſſier* the Surgeon ſearch'd the Wound, they were all ſurpriz'd to find it ſo dangerous; the Penknife was ſtruck
allant

assant, and buried in the Wound, which Mr. HARLEY himself took out, wiped, called for the Handle, and said, *They belong to me*: He ask'd if the Wound were Mortal, he had Affairs to settle. Even in our Incredulous Age, we may term his Escape a Miracle, the Blow was struck exactly upon his Breast-bone, which broke the Knife; had it been an Inch lower, it had touch'd the *Diaphragma*, and all the World could not have saved his Life; or a Nails-breadth deeper, 'twould have reach'd his Heart. I have heard it affirm'd, That if one should attempt a thousand times, at an Imitation of *Guiscard's* Design, without his Rage and Force, not once in that thousand times would it be probable, that a Life could escape the Blow, as Mr. HARLEY's has done. He had a double Deliverance, first from the Knife striking upon the Breast-

D

bone,

bone, and then from its breaking there, he must else have infallibly been Murder'd by the Repetition of the Blow ; neither was the Cure less doubtful, the Contusion was more dangerous than the Wound it self: About a Week after the bruised Blood fell down, which held his Life in Suspense. He had been Ill for some time before, and was not as yet recovered.

As soon as Mr. HARLEY was dress'd, he order'd the Surgeon to take Care of Monsieur *de Guiscard*; and was himself carry'd Home in a Chair, follow'd by the Lamentations and Prayers of the People for his Recovery, who attended him to his own Door with their Sighs and Sorrows.

THE Bold Marquis, tho' subdu'd, was still untamed: His Fury, despair and desire of instant Death,

Death, made him use his Efforts to prevent the good Intentions of the Surgeon and the Assistants; they were forced to keep him down by strength of Hand, whilst his Wounds were search'd and dress'd; after which he was sent to *Newgate*, where he continued in the same Violence of Mind: He begg'd to dye, he strove to dye, by rubbing the Plaisters from his Wounds; which to prevent, there were Persons perpetually employ'd to watch on each side the Bed.

IF we read his Sentiments in his own Memoirs, we may find they were always disposed to Violence. Speaking to those whom he would draw into a Confederacy against the King, *That it was better to dye once for all, than to dye in a manner a thousand times a Day, always at the Mercy of Men, who made it their Business to imbitter their Life, and*

P. S.

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make

- make it insupportable. In another*
- P. 14. *Place, How can we better spend some few and uncertain Days, which every Moment are ended by some Disease, by Misfortune, or Old Age, than by making our Name famous and immortal?*
- P. 46. *And thus, Pusillanimous Men, who for want of Courage dare not attempt any thing at their Peril, will never see an end of their Misfortune.*

THESE being his avow'd Tenets, may give us some Light into a Design so Execrable, That 'twere Sin to look into it, with any other Eyes but Detestation. Monsieur de Guiscard was to reconcile himself to France, which could not probably be done, but by something more Notorious than his Disaffection: Upon his Death-Bed-Examination, he told the Lords, *There was something Horrible, he had to tell them! — for which he ought to be torn in Pieces! — something inconceivable! —*

exceed-

exceeding all Barbarity!—there stopt, as if for Breath, a reanimation of Spirits, or to recollect what he had to say ; after a while, seeing he did not proceed, they reminded him to go on — He repeated those, and many more such Expressions. Being press'd to proceed, he fell into some thing very Trifling, which he knew they knew already ; said, *It was no Matter — Content — Content —* meaning to dye.

U P O N their Examination of him in *Newgate*, he seem'd to boast his Resolution and Performance; bid them judge what he was able to do in a good Cause, had they thought fit to employ and trust him, since he could go so far in an ill one. The Vanity of his Nation kept him Company to the last ; he valued himself upon his Intrepidity, his Contempt of Death, and thirst of Honour, &c. The last time the
Lords

Lords were with him, he desir'd Mr. St. John's Hand, and said *Pardonne, Pardonne*. Mr. St. John reply'd, *Je vous Pardonne — Dieu vous Pardonne ! — Guiscard repeating Content, — Content, —* he became delirious.

THE roughness of his Nature seems to have hindred him from encouraging that Remorse which approaching Death might occasion, else we should doubtless have had disclosed the blackest Scene that any Age has shown. Tis very well known the eager Desire he had for some time express'd to see the QUEEN alone; the Pretence of that Audience he so earnestly importun'd, was to get his Pension assured: He was of late often found in the *Anti-chamber*, and at the *Back-stairs*; He generally carry'd a Bottle of Poison about him, suppos'd to answer the Disappointment

ment of some foreseen Event. This, compared with his own Words, and several Letters from *France* and *Holland*, at that time, mentioning it was expected they shou'd hear of a *Coup d'Eclat en Angleterre*, makes it almost past doubt that he did design to kill the QUEEN; and failing of his Attempt there, Stab'd Mr. HARLEY, as by his own Confession he wou'd have done Mr. *St. John*, because they were the two important Lives that gave Dread and Anguish to that Monarch, who has so long and often been the Terror of others.

THE QUEEN, all merciful and Saint-like as she is, had her self the Goodness (notwithstanding Appearances were against him in the Supposition of his horrible Intentions to destroy her) to appoint two Surgeons and two Physicians, to attend him in *Newgate*, with
What-

whatever was befitting a Man of Family. This gracious Treatment cou'd depart only from a Mind so conversant with Heaven, so near of Kindred, as that of our pious QUEEN !

HER Cares and Prayers were the Balm that healed Mr. HARLEY'S Wound : The Honour that was done him by the Address of Parliament, shall never be forgotten ; nor Her Majesty's gracious Answer. 'Tis remarkable, that when it was brought into the H—— of L—— the *Whigs* all went out, except one who rais'd a weak Objection, that Monsieur *de Guiscard* was not a *Papist-convict*.

NOTWITHSTANDING the Surgeons and Physicians Art and Care, Monsieur *de Guiscard* dy'd in *Newgate*. His Wounds, of which he receiv'd four in the Forepart of his Body,

Body, were cured ; the fifth was in his Back, which the Surgeons deposed was not mortal. The Jury gave in their Verdict, *That his Bruises were the Cause of his Death.* It appear'd upon the Examination of Mr. *Wilcox*, the QUEEN's Messenger, That it was He that wounded the Marquis in the Back, and gave him those Bruises of which he dy'd. *Monfieur de Guiscard*, in Struggling with *Wilcox*, threw him against a Window, which caused him to void above a Quart of Blood the same Night.

HIS Resolution, or rather Obstinacy, continued to the last : He wou'd not permit his Wounds to be dress'd, nor accepted of any Nourishment, but what was forced upon him : He made no Profession of Religion, had no shew of Remorse or Contrition, nor desired the Assistance of a Priest. He was

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The Examination of

privately Interred, by Order from the Court. A Mercy no Nation but ours would have conferred upon a Spy, a Traytor, and an Assassin.

Is it not obvious to all *England*, what had been our Distress, in the Confusion wherein so long a Run of Mismanagement has plunged us, if Heaven had permitted the Knife of a barbarous Foreigner to have rob'd us of a Minister, whose Conduct, wise, stedfast, vigorous, extricates our Affairs, and embroils the Enemies! Does not the Flourishing Church of *England* owe him all things for her Deliverance from *Presbytery* and *Atheism*? A Miracle no less seasonable, than when she was assaulted by all the Force of *Rome*? Were he not a sincere Worshipper at our increasing Altars, would he not Reduce rather than Multiply? Is not
even

even our *Gracious Sovereign* indebted to him for scattering those Persons from about Her, whose excessive Tyranny strove to ruin all those who aim'd to come at the QUEEN, but by them? Does he not sacrifice his Quiet to the Good of his Country, without enriching his own Family with her Treasures, or decking himself with her Honours; though she has none but what, with Pride and Joy, he is ready to bestow upon him? Was not his Blood, (even now, devoted to the restless Genius of France) spilt in Dread of his Pursuits and Endeavours to reduce that Monarch to Humanity and Reason? Is not his Modesty so excessive, that he conceals from those Persons who have treated him as Traitor, the Extent of his Power, lest he should seem to insult their Disgrace? Free from that false Delicacy which so often makes

People uneasy at what either the Mistaken, or our Enemies, say of us: His Actions have their Foundation on solid Judgment, prop'd by a most extensive Genius, unlimited Foresight, and immoveable Prudence. *France* records her *Rich-lieu*, *Mazarine*, and *Louvoy*: we talk with Veneration of the *Cecil*s; but Posterity shall boast of *HARLEY* as a Prodigy, in whom the Spring is pure as the Stream; not troubled by *Ingratitude* or *Avarice*; nor its Beauty deformed by the Feature of any Vice: The coming Age will envy ours, a Minister of such accumulated Worth; they will see and know how happy we were. Why then should we ourselves be wilfully blind, or wilfully ignorant of it? Is it not his Distress to be born among a People so divided? Could he in any other Country have fail'd of universal Love and Veneration? How long shall

shall our Divisions make us the Sport and Proverb of the neighbouring Nations? Monsieur *Quillet*, by the Purity of his *Latin*, has diffused our Character throughout the World; and when the Curious would be inform'd of the Genius of the *British* People, the Learned refer to him: It is thought the most beautiful Part of his *Calixædia*; and however, the Spirit of the Author may have suffer'd by the Change, I will present it the Reader in the *English* Translator's Words.

*At Calais, if you cross the Streight,
you'll find
The cruel English from the World dis-
joyn'd.
Cruel indeed, with Royal Blood de-
fil'd,
A Rabble, Rast, Untameable and
Wild.*

With

The Examination of

*With Holy Lunacy they're all pos-
sessed,
And every Man's a Prophet, or a
Priest.*

*Humour's with them Religion's only
Guide,
And each that fatal Rule pursues with
Pride.*

*Each on his Neighbour would his own
impose,
And thence This Sect to That are
mortal Foes.*

*Hence Wars and Woes, whilst each his
Dreams would spread,
Mislead the rest, as he's himself mis-
led.*

*Each by the Sword, his Doctrine would
defend,
Which each believes he has a Right to
mend.*

*To Kings alike Rebellious, and the
Skies,
All ancient Rites and Worship they de-
spise.*

This

*This Madness to a thousand others
leads,*

*Soon as it springs, a new Opinion
spreads.*

*By every Sex and Age with Heat
espous'd*

*'Till tir'd by that, they're by the next
abus'd.*

Is it not time to redeem our Character, that the World, in applauding our Courage, may no longer object our Divisions? Tho' we disagree in Religion, yet for common Good, we should, methinks, be glad to *Unite* in Politics: Our Ceremonies may differ, but our Essentials are the same; and to People of Reason, one would imagine there needed not much Persuasion to joyn in those advantageous Particulars, *Reputation* and *Interest*.

P A R.

PARTIES break their Force against one another, do the Work of our Foes, are weakned by perpetual Animosities, hate their Adversary at Home much more strenuously than a foreign Enemy, incapacitate themselves from doing all the Injury they should to *France*, all the Good they ought to *England*: Our Piques and Distastes for Trifles, have run us up to Frenzy; the World beholds the Hatred and Aversion amongst us, as Lunacy in our Blood, incurable but by letting forth; they foresee and long for a Civil War, to reduce us to Misery and Reason; they flatter themselves, that our Diffensions tend that way, and Prophecy they can have no End but with our Ruin.

'Tis our selves only can disappoint the Hopes of our Enemies,
and

the Marquis de Guiscard. 41

and extricate our selves : The very *Mahometans* claim our Pity, for being misled by their grand Imposture ; and shall a Fellow-Christian be hated ? Have we no Arguments but Bitterness and Reproach ? Must we continue as violent against our Neighbour at Home, as Brave in the Field Abroad ? If we were not all *Britains*, or had different Interests, something might be said for that eager Desire of Ruin, so conspicuous, in the contending Parties.

How ridiculous it appears to a reasonable Man, who reflects how greatly our happy Constitution is envied by our Enemies, and how little valued or enjoyed by our selves ; we boast of *Liberty*, and yet do all we can to enslave others to our Opinions ; mean while the common Interest of the Island is lost or

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forgotten in the Desire of gratifying our particular Revenge and Aversions.

WE have now a QUEEN and MINISTRY of consummate Piety, Prudence and Abilities, who know the true Interest of *England*, and will pursue it. The *Church* is deliver'd from Oppression and Fears, Religion secur'd, according to every *English* Man's Hearts Desire; What should we next consider, but the Interest of the Body-Politick? Which way can that be so effectually carry'd on, as by calming our Heats and Animosities, by taking off the Veil of *Prejudice* and *Party*, which so long has blinded us? To have every Individual consider what would be for the Good of the Whole, and sincerely to give into it? Were these Measures faithfully pursued, *France* could never be Formidable to *England*;

land ; nor the Protestant Religion here, under any Apprehension from the restless and encroaching Spirit of the *Roman*.

F I N I S.

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